

Exhibit O

The Politics of Truth

Updated with a New Preface by the Author and an Investigative
Report on the Niger Documents Affair by Russ Hoyle

Inside the Lies that Put
the White House on Trial and
Betrayed My Wife's CIA Identity

Ambassador
Joseph Wilson

A Diplomat's Memoir

CARROLL & GRAF PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK

The publisher notes that the essay for the paperback edition of *The Politics of Truth* by Russ Hoyle was reported independently and edited without the involvement of Ambassador Joseph Wilson.



avalon
publishing group inc.

THE POLITICS OF TRUTH

Carroll & Graf Publishers

An Imprint of Avalon Publishing Group Inc.

245 West 17th Street

11th Floor

New York, NY 10011

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First Carroll & Graf edition 2004

First Carroll & Graf trade paperback edition 2005

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data is available.

ISBN: 0-7867-1551-0

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Maps designed by Mike Morgenfeld and Suzanne Service
Interior design by Simon M. Sullivan
Printed in the United States of America
Distributed by Publishers Group West

*To my wife Valerie, I cannot begin to tell you how sorry I am for
what your government has done to you. If I could give you back your
anonymity I would do so in a minute.*

*To Sabrina and Joe, who experienced so many of these adventures
with me.*

*To Trevor and Samantha, in the hopes that by reading this you will
gain some insight into events that took place before you could
understand their significance.*

*To Dad and Mom, who will never read this but who, as Marines,
did their best to teach me the meaning of duty to country.*

for a number of years. It took several calls, but I finally tracked him down on his cell phone. I related to him the details of my friend's encounter with Novak and pointed out that whatever my wife might or might not be, it was the height of irresponsibility for Novak to share such information with an absolute stranger on a Washington street. I asked him to speak to Novak for me, but he demurred—he said he did not know him very well—and suggested that I speak to Novak myself. I arranged for him to have Novak call me and hung up.

Novak called the next morning, but I was out, and then so was he. We did not connect until the following day, July 10. He listened quietly as I repeated to him my friend's account of their conversation. I told him I couldn't imagine what had possessed him to blurt out to a complete stranger what he had thought he knew about my wife.

Novak apologized, and then asked if I would confirm what he had heard from a CIA source: that my wife worked at the Agency. I told him that I didn't answer questions about my wife. I told him that my story was not about my wife or even about me; it was about sixteen words in the State of the Union address.

I then read to him three sentences from a 1990 news story about the evacuation of Baghdad: "The chief American diplomat, Joe Wilson, shepherds his flock of some 800 known Americans like a village priest. At 4:30 Sunday morning, he was helping 55 wives and children of U.S. diplomats from Kuwait load themselves and their few remaining possessions on transport for the long haul on the desert to Jordan. He shows the stuff of heroism." The reporters who had written this, I pointed out, were Robert Novak and Rowland Evans. I suggested to Novak that he might want to check his files before writing about me. I also offered to send him all the articles I had written in the past year on policy toward Iraq so that he could educate himself on the positions I had taken. He would learn, if he took the time, that I was hardly antiwar, just anti-dumb war. Before I hung up, Novak apologized again for having spoken about Valerie to a complete stranger.

The following Monday, July 14, 2003, I read Novak's syndicated column in the *Washington Post*. The sixth paragraph of the ten-paragraph story leapt out at me: "Wilson never worked for the CIA, but his wife, Valerie Plame, is an Agency operative on weapons of mass destruction. Two senior administration officials told me Wilson's wife suggested sending him to Niger to investigate the Italian report."

When I showed it to Valerie, she was stoic in her manner but I could see she was crestfallen. Twenty years of loyal service down the drain, and for what, she asked after she had read it. What was Novak trying to say? What did blowing her cover have to do with the story? It was nothing but a hatchet job. She immediately began to prepare a checklist of things she needed to do to minimize the fallout to projects she was working on. Ever efficient, she jotted down reminders to mask the emotions swirling through her body. Finally, as the enormity of what Novak had done now settled on her, she sat in the corner and wondered aloud if she would still have any friends left after they found out that the person they knew was not her at all but a lie that she lived very convincingly.

Amid the welter of emotions I felt that morning, I tried to understand a particular element of Novak's story.

He cited not a CIA source, as he had indicated on the phone four days earlier, but rather two senior administration sources; I called him for a clarification. He asked if I was very displeased with the article, and I replied that I did not see what the mention of my wife had added to it but that the reason for my call was to question his sources. When we first spoke, he had cited to me a CIA source, yet his published story cited two senior administration sources. He replied: "I mispoke the first time we talked."

A couple of days before Novak's article was published, but after my friend's strange encounter with him, I had received a call from *Post* reporter Walter Pincus, who alerted me that "they are coming after you." Since I already knew what Novak had learned about Valerie, I was